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THE
Bromsgrove Elegy,
IN BLANK VERSE,

On the Death of the Reverend

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A.M.

[Price Six-pence.]



THE
BROMSGROVE ELEGY,
IN BLANK VERSE,

On the Death of the Reverend
GEORGE WHITEFIELD, A. M.

In which are represented,
The SUBJECTS of his MINISTRY ;
His MANNER of PREACHING ;
The SUCCESS of his LABOURS ;
His excellent MORAL CHARACTER ; and
TH, at NEWBURY in NEW ENGLAND,
September 30, 1770.

By JOHN FELLOWS,
Of BROMSGROVE in WORCESTERSHIRE,
Author of GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. GURNEY, N^o 54, in Holborn, opposite Hatton-Garden ; and J. ROBINSON, at Dockhead.

M DCC LXXI.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IT was the pressing persuasion of the Rev. Mr. JOHN RYLAND, of Northampton, that induced the Author to undertake this poem. He judged himself unequal to the task; and expected that so great and illustrious a character, as that of the late Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, would have been placed in a poetical light by a more masterly pen. He proceeded in the work with great remissness, expecting every week to see this design anticipated by a production more worthy the noble subject. But some considerable time being elapsed, and nothing having appeared to discourage this undertaking, it is now humbly submitted to the impartiality and candour of the public. It is necessary to inform the reader, that the author's view in this performance, is not to give the history of the Rev. Mr.

Whitefield's life, but only to hold him up to view in the great character of a Preacher of the everlasting Gospel ; a character in which he appears great to all the world, and will shine in future ages with distinguished lustre and glory in the annals of the church of God. In this single point of light, he hath attempted to draw the portrait of this great person at full length. If he hath been so happy as to hit the likeness, he doubts not the encouragement of the friends and admirers of this noble character. But if he hath failed in this, he hopes for some indulgence, if it be found that he hath represented, in a pleasing light, those glorious gospel-truths which were the delight of this great man, and displayed the glories of that exalted Saviour, who is the delight of every Christian.

Bromsgrove,
Feb. 21, 1771.

C O N T E N T S.

INTRODUCTION, on the ascension of Elijah to heaven in a chariot of fire, ver. 1-13. The subject of the elegy proposed, 15-19. All saving work to be ascribed, not to the power, learning, or eloquence of man, but to the grace and omnipotence of God, 20-50. Mr. Whitefield's birth-place at Gloucester, 51. His education at school, and removal to Oxford, 67. The unhappy and absurd separation of true religion from human learning at that seat of science, 73. A soft, but just censure of a late expulsion, 80. A generous disdain of such a spirit and conduct; and a departure from that city to the banks of the river Isis, 94. A view of the serious impressions on Mr. Whitefield's mind, his deep and awful convictions of the guilt and ruin of his own soul; and his only relief by the discoveries of the power and grace of the Lord Jesus, and the infinite riches of his gospel, 105-128. His strong compassion for unconverted sinners, and zeal to save immortal souls, 129. His entrance on the ministry, and amazing success, 137. The insufficiency of human science, and the insipid oratory of the schools, to reform and renew the degenerate souls of mankind, 152. God often employs such instruments of his glory, as are despised by the wisdom of this world, illustrated by his rejection of the sons of Eli, and chusing young Samuel to be the great prophet of Israel,

Israel, ver. 160. An apostrophe to true Christians,
on the death of our British Samuel, 175.

A clear and ample view of his public ministry, when he was shut out of all the churches, and preached in the fields, 205. His furniture and powers for his work ; his awful manner of preaching the law of God to careless sinners ; and the terrors of the Lord Jesus in the character of a judge, 210. His urging the absolute necessity of regeneration, or the new birth, in order to our entrance into the kingdom of heaven, 260. His sacred zeal and indignation against the infidelity and contempt of those who despise and reject the glorious gospel, 300. A view of the preacher in his delightful work of publishing the peculiar glories of Christianity : his insisting much on the infinite evil of sin, as preparatory to a cordial reception of the method of salvation by Christ, 354. The sufferings and death of Jesus opened at large, as the clearest demonstration of the evil of sin, and the love of God to man, 360. A generous invitation to all convinced and thirsty souls to come to Christ for a free and finished salvation, 410. His method of reasoning with stupid sinners, in order to their conviction, 429. The delightful effects of his preaching on his auditory, 472. His terrible manner of addressing those desperate sinners, who abuse the revelation of grace for the purposes of licentiousness, 480. His tender way of preaching the gospel to true believers, 527. A lively description of the triumphant resurrection of Christ,

Christ, as the security of real Christians, given by an angel at the tomb, ver. 532. Mr. Whitefield's address to the servants of Christ on this subject, 580. and his joyful discourse on the exaltation and glorious dignity of Jesus at the right hand of God, 585. Christ's intimate relation to, and tender care of, his people: his pathetic manner of urging practical godliness and generous benevolence upon his hearers, by the principles and motives of the gospel, 618. The opposition he met with from the corrupt and vicious tribes of mankind; from multitudes in the way of outrage and fury; from others in the mode of hidden falsehood, and dark malignant slander, 680. His noble perseverance, in spite of all persecution and discouragements, for thirty four years, 705. The amazing extent of his labours in Europe and America, 719. His sudden and gracious dismission from his labours to his rest: his ascension to heaven, with a convoy of angels; his joyful reception by his dear converts who died before him, 740--770. The cordial approbation and reward of his God. The conclusion, in an address to the supreme Head and Saviour of the church, for his vital presence; and the glorious influences of his Spirit, to supply the loss, and spread the gospel on earth, 780--792.

THE
BROMSGROVE ELEGY,

ETC.

WHEN great Jehovah, in a flaming car,
Swift as a whirlwind, drawn by steeds of fire,
Fetch'd his beloved Prophet to the skies ;
The griev'd disciple stood in deep amaze,
And saw his master mount above the clouds ; 5
But gladly seiz'd his mantle as it fell :
He bears the prize to Jordan's swelling flood ;
And smiting sharp the surging stream, he cry'd,
Now where's Elijah's God ! The parting waves
Confess'd the present Deity ; and shew'd 10
That the prophetic spirit, which inspir'd
The highly-favour'd Seer, so late ascended,
Now rested on his servant. So may I
Obtain some portion of the ardent flame
That fill'd the dear departed saint, we mourn, 15
And with the spirit of a Whitefield, sing
Of heav'nly wonders ; while I strive to pay
To his high worth the tributary tear,
And soaring sing the triumphs of my God.

For 'tis not man, but God, whose mighty power
Produces and supports all saving work ; 21

B And

And makes it prosper in his servants hands :
 'Tis not in man to touch the stony heart,
 Or bend the stubborn pride of daring sinners.
 This thunderbolt is not in nature's hand : 25
 Nor can a work so great be brought about
 By all the pow'rs of eloquence combin'd,
 The glory once of Athens and of Rome.
 Not charming Tully's smooth persuasiv strain ;
 Nor all thy force, thy thunder, and thy fire, 30
 Sublime Demosthenes ! can touch the heart
 Of haughty man, can bend his rigid will,
 And lay him low before his Maker's throne.
 But great Immanuel holds the mighty power,
 By means which man despises, to produce 35
 This great event : and he can make it known,
 He needs not man's assistance. Yet sometimes
 He joins his grace with nature's noblest powers ;
 Reveals himself, and makes his servants shine
 With double lustre. Such was he, whose death 40
 Now claims our tears : for Zion's glorious King
 Betimes reveal'd his all-prevailing grace
 To this his servant : cloath'd him with his strength,
 Girded his early youth with heavenly might ;
 And arm'd him with the thunders of his word : 45
 He gave him holy fortitude, to stand
 Amidst revolting multitudes ; to own
 The name of the Redeemer ; to maintain
 His righteous cause : to bear his gospel round
 The rugged globe, and rouse a sleeping world. 50

Where

Where winding Severn rolls her silver flood,
And spreading wide her waves to meet the main,
Surrounds thy walls, O Gloucester, near the stream,
Like the ador'd Redeemer of the world ;
Amidst the noise and hurry of an inn 55
First breathed the Hero : for in proper stile
The Christian is an Hero ; and his deeds
Far more than war and slaughter, may deserve
To be recorded : they afford the bard
His noblest subject ; gratitude forbids 60
They should remain unsung. Let then the theme
Humbly attempted be. Heavenly Muse,
Deign to assist the meanest of thy sons,
Who asks not praise from man, nor will regard
Proud reas'ners censures, or the critic's frowns, 65
Celestial spirit ! if inspired by thee.

The rudiments of learning first attain'd
To gain her nobler heights, the youth remov'd
To where Oxonia's lofty turrets blaze.
The great Oxonia, fam'd in ancient times
For Learning's throne ; and every noble art
That fans the Orator or Poet's fire.
Learning how beautiful when join'd with grace ?
But now she dimly shines obscur'd by pride.
Elate with honours, the imperious dame
Insults fair piety, and spurns the torch
Which lights her brightest glories ; scorns the fair,
That claims her highest reverence; and whose friendship
She ought to cherish with a sister's love.

Why should I mention the ill-omen'd day, 80
 When stern authority, and frowning power,
 In lazy pride, and haughty science thron'd ;
 By envy urg'd, and fir'd by frantic rage ;
 Stretch'd forth the Iron scepter far beyond
 Its long accustom'd limits ; and expell'd — 85
 Oh name it not on Tyber's foaming flood !
 Nor let it whisper through thy spicy groves,
 O Italy ! nor thy prolific vales,
 Lest Rome's proud daughters triumph ! but the tale, 90
 The mournful tale, alas ! too wide is spread
 To need concealment : yet the humble muse
 Shall mourn in secret, check the rising sigh ;
 Nor swell the sounds that bear her country's shame.

Then let me, O Oxonia, shun thy gates,
 Nor enter thy unhospitable walls ; 95
 But lo, smooth Isis' flow and silent stream
 Rather retire, as oft thy pious son
 In early youth disgusted at the mask
 Which folly wears, and wearied with the noise
 Of youthful mirth and riot, shunn'd the scene, 100
 And fought the silver stream and verdant mead.

'Twas here to some sequester'd shade retir'd,
 He felt thy vital influence, heavenly faith !
 And thy bright vision open'd on his view,
 His glowing bosom burn'd with heavenly fire, 105
 And felt the inspiration of the God.
 Long had he groan'd beneath the weight of sin,

And

And saw the vast extent of nature's ruins.
 How totally deprav'd ! how void of power
 To save her self ! her misery how dire ! 110
 How vast her guiltiness ! and sure her fall !
 But like the sun, wide streaming through a cloud,
 The great Redeemer broke upon his mind,
 In all his glorious mightiness to save :
 Dispell'd his darkness, pardon'd all his crimes, 115
 And justify'd him freely by his grace,
 Gave him the earnest of his promis'd bliss,
 And seal'd him with his Spirit ; which bright mark
 Whoever bears, he owns them for his sons.
 A flood of joy succeeded ; all the great 120
 Important truths, which constitute the praise
 And glory of the everlasting Gospel,
 In fair succession opening on his mind,
 Glowing with gratitude and heavenly love :
 He view'd the whole ; and all his spirit burn'd 125
 With ardent zeal, and fierce desire to bear
 These glorious truths around a sinful land,
 And spread abroad the gospel of his God.

The horrid state of unconverted sinners
 Rose on his mind, and fill'd his inmost foul 130
 With deep concern ; and mov'd by kind compassion,
 He with redoubled efforts strove to save
 The thoughtless wretches from that vast destruction
 That lay before them. Conscious of the worth 134
 Of precious souls, and warm with love towards them,
 He thought no pains too much that were employ'd
 On

On their account. He enter'd on the work
 Zealous and fervent in his Master's cause ;
 And in a manifest and wondrous way,
 His Master own'd him, and with joy he saw 140
 A plenteous harvest rising from his toil.
 Warm from the heart, and artfully adapted
 To the occasion, like the falling dew
 On the dry desert ; his prevailing words
 Refresh'd the weary soul, and touch'd the heart 145
 Of those that heard, not with the vain parade
 Of studied phrase in listless dulness spoke ;
 But demonstration of the power divine :
 And such the hearers felt it ; sinners fell
 Beneath the stroke, and multitudes confess'd 150
 That this must be the mighty pow'r of God.

Thus while the sons of science vainly strove
 T' enlighten and reform a sinful land,
 By smooth oration, and by flatt'ring stile ;
 Th' eternal God, who oft effects his praise 155
 By weak and despicable means, chose out
 A man that was despis'd, and by his power
 Assisting in the work, produced effects
 Worthy of God, and wonderful to man ;
 Beyond the utmost powers of nature drove, 160
 And left proud science lagging far behind.
 So when old Eli's lewd and impious sons,
 By insolence and riot, had disgrac'd
 The priesthood, and the altar of their God,
 Them he rejected from the sacred charge, 165
 And

And to a child reveal'd his heavenly will,
 Instill'd him early in his peoples love,
 And Samuel stood from Beersheba to Dan,
 Known and confess'd a prophet of the Lord.
 The prophet died, this mighty man of God 170
 Was not exempted, for the griesly king
 Who worth regards not, and who hears no pray'rs,
 Aim'd at his aged head : ah, awful stroke,
 And by a nation wept, he greatly fell.
 Such, O ye sons of Zion, is the death 175
 We now deplore. How justly may we grieve,
 Like the prophetic Monarch o'er his friend,
 Alas ! this mournful day a Prince is fallen,
 A mighty man in Israel ; great the los,
 It loudly challenges the sacred tear : 180
 Nor should we mourn as for the vulgar dead,
 As pious children weep their breathless Sires,
 Or the betrothed virgin sackcloth wears
 For the departed husband of her youth ;
 So Zion mourns her father, through her courts 185
 She feels the stroke, and trembles at the wound
 By thy cold hand abruptly seiz'd, alas !
 What noble powers has thy fell fury laid
 In awful silence ! Oh, how warm the zeal
 Thy frost has chill'd ! how lovely was the face 190
 We oft have seen with transport ! Oh, how bright
 The eye that beam'd compassion for the woes
 Of hapless sinners ! Oh, how strong, how clear,
 And sweet the voice, that now we hear no more !

Daughters of Zion ! ye whose virgin souls 195
 Can pay the generous or the tender tear,
 Who know the tribute sacred love requires
 To decorate or mourn the mighty dead,
 Bring forth your spices and your rich perfumes,
 Bring your applause and your mournful songs, 200
 With pious care adorn a prophet's tomb ;
 Make everlasting laurels round it grow ;
 Make his bright name to late remembrance dear ;
 And as his work was glorious, be his praise !

The day you will remember when he stood 205
 Beneath the azure canopy of heaven,
 A temple worthy of so great a work :
 For not in temples made with mortal hands,
 Th' eternal Spirit dwells, but condescends
 To visit each believer's heart : He stood : 210
 Attentive thousands crowding all around him,
 His bright imagination all on flame,
 Full of the God, and forward in his cause,
 And, like a whirlwind, drove th' alarming fire
 And thunder of the holy and eternal 215
 Law of God, full on the trembling sinner :
 Thus from the frowning skies, on some tall grove,
 While forked lightnings flash from low-hung clouds,
 A treble bolt of thunder drives unseen
 By mortal eye, but rends the rugged oaks, 220
 And spreads the leafy ruins all around.
 The wretch who late presum'd to dare the skies,
 And mock'd at heav'n's swift vengeance, stood amaz'd
 And

And terrified : he felt the lightning strike
 Into his inmost soul ; and down he dropp'd 225
 Aghast and trembling at his Maker's throne.
 While thus he lay in deep attention held,
 And vast amazement at his dreadful state ;
 The man of God with awful voice proclaim'd
 The terrors of the Lord ; and his dread wrath 230
 Reveal'd from heaven 'gainst all unrighteousness
 Of men. He let the haughty sinner know
 That he must come to judgment : all his crimes,
 His works of darkness, and his secret deeds,
 Shall come to light : when the stern, frowning Judge,
 The world in agonies, and skies on fire, 236
 Shall render a full recompence to all
 That dar'd to disobey his righteous Laws.
 In all the force of language and the fire,
 And ev'ry warm and moving mode of speech, 240
 With which the Orator attacks the heart ;
 This great Ambassador of heav'n declar'd,
 What keen amazement, what heart-rending dread,
 Will strike the sinner, when the awful Judge
 Bursts on his aching sight ; his person burning 245
 With brighter glories than a thousand suns
 Center'd in one ; and brightness in his eye,
 To which the vivid lightning's flash compar'd,
 Were midnight darkness ; in his mighty hand
 Holding ten thousand thunders, and the pow'r 250
 To build, or dash a universe to nothing,
 With which he drives relentless on his foes.
 Ah, hapless wretches ! thus the Seer rejoin'd,

Ah, hapless wretches ! think ! oh, think betimes !
 How you will stand in the amazing day, 255
 When all the glories of the deity,
 Turn'd into terrors, burst upon your souls
 In one bright flame, and to one point connected,
 In the incarnate Godhead burn for ever ! 259

Ye sons of pride ! who build on nature's ground
 A rotten fabric, meant to reach the skies :
 Who coldly view the bleeding love of heaven ;
 Nor will accept his aid, who stands ordain'd
 The only Saviour ; recollect the time 264
 When from his servant's mouth you have been warn'd ;
 How oft reminded of the great decree,
 That in the full assembly of the skies
 Hath pass'd the awful and unerring lips
 Of heaven's great King ; and stands full ratify'd
 By the eternal nod that shakes the poles. 270
 The stars shall fade, earth melt, and skies in smoke
 Expire : the word of God shall stand for ever.
 That awful word is pass'd beyond recal ;
 While the assenting heav'n's applaud the sound ;
 That none of human race can e'er obtain 275
 Admittance in the holy realms above,
 The blissful Kingdom where Jehovah reigns,
 Except they're born again. Without this change,
 When high eternal Justice shall appear
 Against the sinner, and demand her due ; 280
 All nature's riches will forsake her sons,
 And leave them poor indeed. Without this change,

Nature's

Nature's best robes in heav'nly estimation
 Are filthy rags ; and when th' eternal God 284
 Descends to Judgment ; of such worthless plumes
 He'll strip the soul, and leave her naked, bare,
 And past conception wretched : then he'll make
 Her know and feel, that by the least transgression
 Against his holy and eternal law,
 However pure in her own eyes she seem, 290
 His wrath is kindled, and the raging fire
 Shall burn for ever. Such th' affecting strain,
 In which this mighty preacher oft declar'd
 The awful councils and the high decrees
 Of his great Master. From the face of man 295
 He never turn'd : but whether they would hear,
 Or stop their ears ; he boldly spoke God's words
 To his prodigious audiences ; and claim'd
 In ev'ry heart a witness, that he stood 299
 Pure from their blood. To please the taste of man,
 He never strove ; nor e'er to sooth their pride,
 Would keep back any part of his commission.

But most of all, his holy Zeal oppos'd
 The bold despisers of the cross of Christ ;
 And with a just and noble indignation, 305
 Worthy himself, and his great Master's cause :
 His thoughts would burst upon the daring crew,
 Warm from his soul, in such dread sounds as these :
 Ye impious and audacious train ! that dare
 Mock and revile the holy, eternal, 310
 And immutable Law of God ; who dare

Stand forth acknowledg'd and profess'd despisers
 Of Christ, his cross, his words, his mighty deeds,
 And his eternal Spirit, which whoe'er
 Maliciously blasphemers, has ventur'd on 315
 A sin that lies beyond the verge of mercy ;
 If yet you have not pass'd the Rubicon ;
 If yet you have not storm'd th' infernal gate,
 And taken it by force. Attend ! attend !
 While in the name of the eternal God, 320
 I boldly here declare to all the world,
 That whosoe'er believes not in his Son,
 Shall surely perish. O ! for you I tremble,
 Whom neither wrath nor bleeding love can melt :
 Indeed I tremble for you ! for I fear 325
 Your cause is desp'rare ; and that now you stand
 Seal'd to destruction by a blast from heav'n ;
 By a judicial stroke from that great God,
 Who hardens whom he will ; yet hardens none
 But those that wilfully resist his grace, 330
 And long resist it. Oh, how dire your case !
 Already you smell strong of Stygian flame,
 Already breathe the Atmosphere of Hell,
 " And wear damnation written on your foreheads *."

But from these dreadful prospects now we turn,
 And view the holy man's supreme delight, 336
 Joy of his soul, and triumph of his tongue :
 The great Redeemer ; his victorious deeds ;
 His glorious Person ; his amazing Love ;

* These are Mr. Whitefield's own words.

His great salvation ; his prevailing grace ; 340
 And pardon preach'd to sinners through his blood,

The Spirit of my God inspire my mind ;
 And teach me how to touch these glorious themes ;
 Make my cold bosom burn with holy rage,
 And fill the poet with the preacher's fire. 345

Ye sons of Grace ! that know the Gospel found ;
 Who feel the joy a vital Faith inspires,
 And banquet on the fruits of pard'ning love ;
 Who from your native slumber first were rouz'd
 By the dear lips that now lie clos'd in death ; 350
 You oft with pleasure recollect the day,
 When the amazing man, with awful voice,
 Loud as the roaring torrent, thus address'd you :

Ye sons of Adam ! tell me from your souls,
 Is there a man of all your race but stands 355
 In his own heart convicted as a sinner ?
 But what is sin ? A trifle ! Oh, beware !
 For such conclusions are the foam of hell !
 Pause, and permit the question to return ;
 Say what is sin ! Attend me to yon garden, 360
 And there your wond'ring sight will catch the Answer :
 There you behold the eternal Son of God ;
 The heir of Heav'n ; the darling of the skies ;
 The Equal of the great Supreme eternal,
 Self-existent Deity ! What bitter suff'rings ? 365
 What floods of sorrows ? and what storms of woes

Fall on his righteous head? Ah, what a scene!
 He torn with anguish, sweats great drops of blood,
 Convuls'd with agony, and all in terror,
 Most bitterly he groans. The mournful sounds 370
 Swell on the silence of the list'ning night.
 What cause can give such woes? All this he suffers
 For rebel man, whose breach of Heav'n's high laws,
 Had rouz'd the righteous vengeance of the skies,
 And justice claim'd his blood: to save the wretch, 375
 Th' illuстр'ous Sufferer bears a world of woes;
 For as he stands in the bold sinner's stead,
 Stern justice spares him not. But now to take
 A closer view of sin's stupendous greatness;
 We climb the steep ascent of yonder mountain, 380
 Which, like a death's head, casts a gloomy horror
 On all the hills around. Where, like a Lamb,
 That by the bloody arm of slaughter falls,
 And silent bleeds and dies; the Heir of all
 Is seiz'd; stripp'd of his cloathing; scorn'd and mock'd;
 By cruelty's remorseless gripe he's strain'd; 386
 By savage force extended, and he's fasten'd
 By nails. A mighty beam, with one transverse,
 Bears up his sacred Body high in air;
 His muscles swell upon the ruthless sight; 390
 The blue veins shine; and from the recent wound,
 His gushing blood runs down th' accursed tree:—
 Thick darkness veils the skies; the pow'rs of nature
 Are all in tumult: while by heav'n deserted,
 Mangled and torn; the mighty Sufferer hangs; 395
 And in the last extremity of torture,

He pours his soul in this pathetic strain ;
 O ! why hast thou forsaken me, my God ?
 In very bitterness of soul he roars !
 But soon relax'd, he bows his awful head ; 400
 He cries, 'tis finish'd ; and immediate falls
 Into the arms of death. Behold, ye sinners,
 The blood ! the precious blood, which paid the ransom
 That must redeem your souls from lowest hell.
 Behold your Saviour ! and behold his love ! 405
 Stronger than death : a world he made with ease,
 Obedient to command the fabric rises ;
 But to redeem a soul requir'd his blood ;
 Requir'd his life ; nor that his love withheld !
 But now the work is finish'd ; all is ready, 410
 The debt is paid ; God's holy laws fulfill'd ;
 And rigid justice can demand no more.
 The way is open'd ; and a full provision
 Is made for your acceptance ; for this blood,
 By faith apply'd, will cleanse from ev'ry sin. 415
 In the Redeemer's awful name I stand,
 And am commission'd to declare, that all
 Manner of sin and blasphemy shall be
 Forgiven. Why will you linger, ye that thirst,
 Come to the waters gladly, and receive 420
 A free salvation, bought with blood divine ;
 Large as your souls, yea, boundless as your sins :
 No longer credit the old serpent's lies,
 But turn to your Redeemer ; see ! he stands
 With open arms on yonder heav'nly hill, 425
 And wishes to receive you : Trust in him !

Believe

Believe his promise ! He will give you rest.
 But are there some that shun, that coldly shun
 This heart-affecting sight ? that can behold 429
 The bleeding Lamb of God, and not be touch'd ?
 How strange ! that your mistaken tears bedew
 The uninteresting tale of fabled woes ;
 But will not witness to one soft emotion,
 When godlike innocence and virtue bleed !
 And bleeds for you ; what are your worthless hearts, 435
 Hard as the forehead of the flinty rock !
 I know they are ; may the eternal God
 Soften the rigid marble while I speak,
 And change the rugged stone to tender flesh.
 Let me intreat you, hear me : will you chuse 440
 Your Saviour, or your sins : if you despise
 His precious blood, you are your own destroyers,
 And plunge determin'd to the depths of hell.
 If such your dreadful lot, consider, souls,
 How will it sting you to the heart to think, 445
 That from my mouth, the well-remember'd day,
 You heard his gospel preach'd, and that you dar'd
 Refuse it. Hear, 'tis for your life ! This day,
 If you'll receive it, is salvation sent
 To all your souls : refuse it not ; but know 450
 Your day of visitation : for the gospel
 Is the last effort that th' eternal God
 Will make to save a sinking world from ruin.
 Let me intreat you, harden not your hearts ;
 By all the terrors of the Lord I warn you ; 455
 By all his goodness beg you, as you value

Your

Your immortal souls, turn not away
 From your Redeemer. By the blood he shed ;
 By all his agonies and bloody sweat ;
 By all his tortures on th' accursed tree ; 460
 By all his suff'rings, and by all his love ;
 By all the joys of heav'n, and all the torments
 With which eternity will sting the sinner,
 Let me adjure you, hear your Saviour call.
 Oh ! give me not the pungent grief to find, 465
 That I have labour'd for your precious souls
 With all my might, but can't at last prevail.
 Let not the horrid pow'rs of darkness triumph
 In your destruction, and in my defeat ;
 Nor Satan grin a horrid smile, to find 470
 That I have preach'd, and you have heard, in vain.

Thus while he spake, the wide, attentive throng,
 Seem'd shaken and disturb'd : the springing tear
 Fast trickles down the cheek ; the heaving sigh
 Breaks from the tender bosom ; and the heart, 475
 Quick throbbing in alternate joy and sorrow,
 Can scarce suppress the voice. The wondrous man
 Perceives the fair occasion, and rejoices.
 The sins that drew the great Redeemer's blood,
 With highest reason, Christian, you lament ; 480
 But are there none amongst you that profess
 His holy name, who, by your wicked lives,
 Nail him again to the accursed tree ?
 Tear open all his bleeding wounds afresh !
 And put his righteous cause to public shame ! 485

Let such attentively regard my message :
 Thus saith the Lord of hosts, consider,
 Think on your ways, ponder the path you tread,
 Lift up your eyes, and see what is before you.
 Will you provoke th' eternal God to fury ? 490
 Are you more strong than he ? Rouze up for shame !
 Remember whence you're fallen, and repent.
 But stands there here a wretch, that dare to me
 He knows himself completely justified
 By the rich blood and righteousness of Christ, 495
 And yet professedly declines the way
 Of dutiful obedience, and elated,
 Rolls on the hateful sink of foul pollution !
 If your dark minds, and eyes, unus'd to light,
 Can bear one ray of heav'nly truth ; look up 500
 Above yon skies, there stands a righteous God !
 Who stands by his eternal word engag'd
 To judge the world according to their deeds.
 This God well knows you, and we know you too.
 Have you the horrid impudence to say, 505
 You're born of God ? Does the prolific womb
 Of fair conversion overteem with monsters ?
 Can God's most holy and eternal Spirit
 E'er generate the image of the devil ? 509
 Of him you're born, and bear your Father's likeness !
 I shudder at the sight of all such monsters !
 Monsters in nature ! but in grace you're demons !
 For all the deep and dreadful realms of darkness
 Hold not a foul, abhor'd, accursed fiend,
 But knows as much of heav'nly grace as you ! 515
 You're

You're plainly given up to strong delusion,
 And you believe a Lie. Hell yawns for you ;
 She stretches wide her Jaws to catch your fall !
 And all her Legions croud about her Gates,
 To meet you at your coming. These the sounds, 520
 In which this mighty mandate of the skies
 Rouz'd up the flumb'ring, and alarm'd the bold,
 The profligate Professor. Such his voice ;
 As when some dreadful Lion pours his roar,
 Along the silent night ; the mountains ring, 525
 The forest shakes, and all the wild beasts tremble.
 But to the saints he turn'd with softer sounds,
 His glowing heart with tenderness o'erflows,
 And ev'ry word and ev'ry look is love.
 My friends, he cry'd, you highly-favour'd race, 530
 Who have believ'd in God's eternal Son,
 And in your glorious Advocate rejoice
 With joy unspeakable ! A pleasing sight
 Of heav'ly glory breaks and spreads around 534
 From yon deep, dark-mouth'd cave. This is the place
 Where late your Lord was laid : let us approach,
 And view the beamy wonder. There behold
 Two radiant forms that bloom in heavenly youth,
 And shine in all the drapery of the skies.
 Hark ! they speak. Let us attend the language 540
 Of him that brightest burns, and seems superior.
 Why will you, ye mistaken sons of men,
 Still seek the living 'mongst these mournful tombs
 And hollow caves, long destin'd to the dead :
 Your Saviour is not here ? death could not hold 545

So rich a prize, nor all the pow'rs of hell
 Prevent his resurrection ! This blest morn,
 Long ere the shining harbinger of day,
 Awoke the tardy dawn, the God descended,
 In dreadful majesty, and power divine, 550
 Strong to resume the life which late he gave :
 Darkness his chariot, and in storms array'd,
 The tempest plays before him : a strong legion
 Of mighty cherubim attend him down
 Th' affrighted skies : all nature feels his weight ; 555
 Earth to her center shakes, and owns the God !
 Astonish'd mortals quake ; the pow'rs of hell
 Are all confounded ; death, grim death trembles ;
 He owns the mighty conqueror, and amazed,
 His gripe relaxes, and lets go his prey ! 560
 The God, in triumph o'er his feeble foes,
 Takes up his sacred body from the dust,
 And blazes forth resplendent from the tomb :
 Full forty days he deigns to stay below, 564
 The next in heaven's high annals stands appointed
 For his ascension. All th' angelic race,
 Against the joyful day, adorn their crowns
 With amaranthine garlands, and prepare
 New songs of triumph : ev'ry golden harp
 Is turn'd to nobler strains, than ere before 570
 Resounded on the high, eternal hill,
 Where stands the throne of God ! That joyful morn,
 The great Redeemer will in open view
 Ascend his cloudy chariot, and advance
 High in the air : there met by all his train 575
 Of

Of bright attendants, soon they gain the sky ;
 And, whilst the heavens with hallelujahs ring,
 He takes his royal scepter and his crown ;
 And, thron'd in light, he lives, and shines, and reigns,
 God ever blest ! Hear, all ye saints, th' account 580
 A heavenly witness gives of your Redeemer !
 Behold with joy the glories of your God !
 To what a noble, an amazing height,
 Is human nature rais'd, in the great person
 That bled on Calv'ry, now's ador'd in heaven ; 585
 And, in the glories of full Godhead, shines
 On the eternal throne ! The arm that once
 Was bleeding, nail'd to the opprobrious tree,
 Now wields Omnipotence ; supports the frame
 Of wide Creation ; fills all Heaven with blis ; 590
 And rolls the dreadful thunder and the storm,
 That shakes the lowest Hell. He who on earth
 Had no possession, now is Lord of all :
 But still his saints are his peculiar treasure ;
 His people are his portion ; Jacob is 595
 The lot of his inheritance ; and Zion
 The darling of his soul. His virgin bride
 He'll ne'er forfaze : his word is past, he stands
 Fully determin'd she shall never perish ;
 Not all the adverse powers of earth and hell 600
 Can tear her from his love : his watchful eye
 Regards her whilst below ; and all the host
 Of happy angels wait th' approaching day,
 Mark'd in the book of life, when he descends,
 And bears his bride triumphant to the skies, 605
 All

All over glorious and divinely fair ;
 Known and confess to all the pow'rs of heaven,
 Queen of his heart, and partner of his throne !

Exult, ye servants of the Lord, who know
 His great salvation ! Who, when you behold 610
 This glorious person, can rejoicing say,
 This my Beloved is, and this my Friend !
 Fear not your foes, nor e'er disheartned view
 The many dreadful dangers that surround you :
 Mighty to save, your great Redeemer stands ; 615
 His promise is engag'd on your behalf ;
 His work is perfect, and his arm is strong.

But let me from my inmost soul intreat you,
 By all the love you bear your dear Redeemer ;
 By all his bowels for you ; all the love 620
 You bear his people, and the consolation
 His holy Spirit gives ; by all the terrors
 From which you are deliver'd, all the joys
 Which warm your souls, and that eternal bliss
 Which swells your highest hopes ; by all the love 625
 You bear to me, if e'er it be your wish
 To hear my voice again ; take heed of sin ;
 Take heed of little sins : in proper stile,
 No sins are little ; it was never known
 That the awaken'd conscience found a sin 630
 But rose stupendous, and amazing frown'd
 With full destruction : but, my friends, take heed
 Of those the world calls little ; these indulg'd

Will

Will introduce the greater. Wou'd you grieve
 The holy Spirit, which has seal'd your souls, 635
 And keeps a witness in you till the day
 Of full redemption? Wou'd you grieve the heart
 Of your dear brethren in the Lord, and make
 A breach in Zion's walls? The powers of hell
 Wou'd seize the glad occasion, and pour in 640
 The thunder of their war against the cause
 Of your great Master. In the tenderest Love,
 Let me beseech you to pursue the path
 Of Christian duty. Pour your fervent souls
 With warmest zeal along the cheerful way 645
 Of bright obedience. Let the Law of God
 Be your delight; and make it clearly known,
 You're born of him; and that his holy truth
 Abideth in you: make it known to all,
 By real purity of Heart and Life; 650
 By a clear knowledge of your Master's will;
 By patient suffering undeserved wrongs,
 And kindness to the men that wrong you most;
 By all the fruits of the eternal Spirit,
 Apparent in your Lives; by fervent Love 655
 To all that bear the image of your Lord,
 However you dissent in lesser things;
 By God's most holy and eternal word,
 Writ on your hearts, and ready in your mouths,
 On all occasions powerful in the cause 660
 Of the Redeemer; and, completely arm'd
 In righteousness, go gladly in the way

Of

Of peace and truth : and may the sons of grace
Take knowledge of you, that you've been with Jesus.

Such were the themes, and such the moving strains,
In which this mighty man of God attack'd 666
The human heart. Against the daring sinner,
He was all fire ; and force and precipitation,
Strength and vehemence, like a hurricane,
He thunder'd all around, and seem'd to drive 670
With more than mortal might. But when he turn'd
To the believer ; What a pleasing change ?
Hush was the thunder, and o'erblown the storm :
Compassion, tenderness, and kind regard,
Persuasive meekness, gentleness, and love, 675
Beam'd from his eye, and dwelt upon his tongue ;
Soft was his strain as the descending snow,
Kind and refreshing as the dew of heaven.

Gnashing with envious ire, th' infernal king
Beheld his empire shaken : fees a croud, 680
Running for shelter to their Saviour's arms,
Whose names had long been known among the fiends,
As bold and daring in the cause of hell :
And mad with fury at so great a loss,
Roars like a Lion in pursuit of prey. 685
And now to stop the mouth that brings such danger
To his dominion, he stirs up his vot'ries ;
Makes ev'ry hateful passion in their hearts ;
And blows their bosoms up to boiling rage.
They ever ready to support his cause, 690
With

With hellish rancour view the godlike man,
 And to the attack advance in different forms.
 Some roar aloud, and come with open force
 To stop the gospel sound: not more their spite
 Against the preacher, than the noble cause. 695
 That he maintains; and those amongst his train,
 Late their companions, now his warmest friends.
 Unmov'd he stands the furious assault,
 And strives with soft, persuasive, mild address,
 To make their wrath conducive to their good. 700
 Others less bold, tho' not behind in hate,
 Dive deep in hell to search for fland'rous lies,
 And soon return full loaded: they play off
 The black artillery on the heav'n-lov'd man;
 And strive in him to blast his Master's cause. 705
 He not discourag'd, still determin'd stands
 Forward and fearless in the noble work;
 Through good report or ill, with steady zeal,
 Pursuing his dear Lord, and striving hard
 To gain immortal souls. He preach'd the word, 710
 Or in or out of season, in the church
 Or in the fields, the temple or the streets,
 To the proud sons of learning, or the poor:
 Mighty in prayer; and ready at all times
 T' instruct, exhort, rebuke, or to uphold 715
 And comfort the distrest: his vigilance
 Awoke the early dawn, and thought the day
 Too short to labour in the work of God.

Not to one place or people were confin'd
 The labours of his love : his ardent zeal, 726
 With unremitting speed, pursu'd the cause
 Of God and truth ; and, not content to bear
 The joyful tidings round our land alone, A
 He roll'd Immanuel's name from world to world.
 Mountains or oceans lying in his way, 725
 Discourage not or check his active mind :
 The vast Atlantic lessens in his view ;
 He rides the surge, and through the tempest flies ;
 Ascends the mountain, climbs the craggy rock ;
 And bears the news of the Redeemer's Love, 730
 To woods, and wilds, and floods, unknown to song.

"Twas thus he spent a life of love and zeal,
 The father and the friend of human race,
 True to the last to the Redeemer's cause,
 And preaching peace to sinners through his name. 735
 But nature wearied with incessant toil,
 As the tir'd labourer waits the evening hour,
 And ardently desiring to be made
 Absent from flesh, and present with the Lord ;
 He begs dismission ! He obtains his wish : 740
 Without a groan sinks in his Saviour's arms ;
 And, by a world lamented greatly, dies !

Ye sons of Light ! well skill'd in sacred song,
 That oft with golden harps surround the throne
 Of the Redeemer, while his lofty praise, 745
 Wide as the sound of seas, employs your tongues,
 And

And fills the heavens around with love and joy :
 Who frequently dismiss'd from high command,
 Sport in the open air or silver stream,
 Gather ambrosia from the trees of life, 750
 Or tune new songs to the Redeemer's praise ;
 Who frequent flying by supreme command,
 With love or vengeance wing'd to distant worlds,
 Like flaming meteors shoot am'gst the stars,
 And leave the lagging lightning far behind : 755

doth aslant his broad broad wings bold
 Say with what joy you catch'd the high decree,
 Late issu'd from the throne, to urge your flight
 In a full legion down to this low sphere,
 To bear aloft the prophet to the skies ?
 Say where you met your noble charge, and how 760
 You first accosted ? Say how great the joy,
 Borne on your wings, and guarded by your shields ;
 How safe your convoy, and how sure your course,
 How swift your pinions, and how sweet your songs ?

doth aslant his broad broad wings bold
 And when to the stupendous height arriv'd, 765
 Where heavenly youth unbar the gates of light,
 What acclamations fill'd the blest abodes ;
 And with what vollies of triumphant joy
 Was he receiv'd by the assembled souls,
 Awak'd on earth by him, and gone before 770
 To reap the fruits of rich redeeming Love ?

doth aslant his broad broad wings bold
 Say what an hearty welcome from his God
 Swell his vast joys ; while these delightful sounds,
 Issu'd

Issu'd in heavenly mildness from his lips,
 Servant of God, well done ! thy love, thy zeal, 775
 Thy diligence, and care, are fully known,
And shall be well rewarded. Now is ceas'd
 Thy trouble and thy toil ; and now begins
 Thy bliss, thy glory : Enter into joy !

But while he dwells above, and gladly joins 780
 The sweet seraphic songs, poor Zion mourns ;
 She, drooping, hangs her head, and thinks her loss
 Beyond recovery. Yet to thee we look,
O thou exalted Saviour of mankind ! 785
 With whom the fulness of the Spirit dwells,
 And who canst pour it down, if such thy will !
Are not thy people still thy highest care,
 And Zion near thy heart ? Reveal thyself ;
 Oh, send by whom thou wilt ! Pull down the pride
 Of haughty man, and make thy Gospel shine ! 790
 How great our loss thou know'st ! Thou canst repair
 The breach, tho' wide, and heal the recent wound !

F I N I S.

16 AU 64

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